the Rutland Berald

WED STERY THURSDAY EVENING AT RUTLAND, VT.

G. H. BEAMAN.

Editor & Publisher.

TERMS PER YEAR.

(the and Maileubreribers, when paid in advance,

perlisments conspicuously insertedfor@1 state (16 lines) for three works, 25 conte mare will be charged for each subsequent

BELLOWS PALLS, VT. A CARD

iske this method to correct a very erro-ces impression, which I regret to learn has sed a side spread circulation, viz, that the und House is closed. On the coutrary, I happy to inform the public that the Flag dosts, and is nailed to the mast; and istort patrons and all disposed to call at

Britana Fatta, Nov. 3, 1851. 43

SW JEWELER'S SHOP.

G. A A W. CLARK would respectfaily inform the inhabitants of Rut-sad vacinity that they have opened a in Perkins Block, Merchants Row, is they have for sale a good assortment Watches, Watch Trimmings, Clocks, Jewelry. Silver Ware, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c. &c.

ATCHES CLOCKS, & JEWELRY Neatly Repaired and Warranted. RUTLAND, VT.

HOLBROOK & SMITH, Manufacturers and Dealers in

BODTS & SHUES,
all kinds, also Good warranted Double
Soled Boots by the dozes.
West utland, Sept 3, 1850

ATENT MEDICINES NO CURE NO PAY !!!

ande such arrangements that he will fer be supplied by the Manufacturers

PATENT MEDICINES

he day - many of which are warranted to the refunded. T Be sure and call - "Old Patent Medicine Emporium" respectite the Franklin Hotel.

SCHOOL BOOKS

eye supply of the Books recommended use on Butland Co, now on hand—and sale to Merchants and others, at loves H. L. SPENCER

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral! II L SPENCER

ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT 6 H L SPENCER

new soods.

he wars too doors North of the Court House, East side of Franklin Square. A received a general assortment of GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCK-ERY AND HARDWARE,

will be sold cheap for approved Cred most kinds of Country Produce; and much cheaper for cash, without respec-

persons - inside is and outsiders - the civ-red and Barbarians all the same O. L. ROBBINS. Ratland, May, 1851.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

The subscriber is selling off his entire stock COST AND LESS to close up the business, using this stock may be found THIPETS OTFON and SILK WARP, AFFACCAS, LPINS, BROACLOTHS, and CASSIMERES ESTINGS, Del AINS, PRINTS, &c. &c. a general assortment of Groceries and ardware, all of which are offered at City rost id must be sold.

JNO B. PROCTOR.
Centre Rutland, Nov. 1811. 45

RUBELLA OF THE OF LANGE OFF. (The genuine article,)

som the proprietors, (Barrett & Son) sold by SPENCER,
ADVERTISE nothing that I do not keep.

A GEN UINE ARTICLE. Agents and Proprietors, C. BURT & SON.

Rutland, Feb. 16, 1852. BURNING FLUID AND LAMPS.

THIS day received at THE LADIES EXCHANGE, ge assortment of the Patent Improve Hauging, Side, and Deak Lamps for church-es and Stores, Astral, Mantle, Entry, and Hand Lamps, slao Porter's Improved Burn-ing Fland. All the above will be sold at city

Particular attention paid to orders for the CHAS. PAGE.

GRORGE SCHMIDT

Dinmeleni Pinmimi.

ART UNION
ULIMUP TO SELECT OF LONDON ART UNION,
AMERICAN ART UNION No. 12 PENNSTLVANIA ART UNION ESTERN ART UNION, Cincina NEW ENGLAND ART UNION Y. W. MOPKINS, Hon. Becretary

Uterine Catholicon.

THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR.

It was the morning of a new year that had just set in, bright, golden and beautiful. The snow glistered, like jew-elled raiment in the cloudless sun.— The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bells, struck joyfully upon the list-ener in every street. The air was cold, though not piercing; bracing, though not biting—just cold enough in trath, to infuse life and elasticity into every one

that moved. There was a little girl, a child of poverty, on that beautiful new year's morning, walking the atreets with the gay erowds that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so much, careaed only in thin shoes badly worn, that she could with different and feet had grown as the feet had gro

che took, and her lips looked truly pur-ple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray! she was a beggar.

Just like the old year, was the new year to her. Just like the last years sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this. The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor, her mother was a widow, and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones decked the time stained walls. There was no sound of merry voices, within the door, to say to the widow Gray, 'A happy new year to you, Mrs. Gray!' Heaven seemed to have shut up her an I her abode out from happiness that was all the world's on that festal day of the year! It had provided to all appearances, nc joy, no rongratulations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers for them. Why, were they outcasts? Had they outraged their claims on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them? No, a shame take the world as it must be so answered tor

them. Mrs. Gray was poor.
Little Elsie stopped at times, and breathed upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamping her tiny feet in their casements with all the force left in them; and then the big tears stood in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as shey would freeze to them.— She had left her brother in bed, sick; exhausted and fami-hing. What wonder that she cried, even though her tears only dropped upon the 1cy pave-ment. As well fast there as elsewhere; for the many human hearts that pass-

ed her were full as icy and hardened, She would have turned back to go home but thought again of her poor mother, and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar! Where do street beggers go? It is this thought which brought those crystal tears-that started those deep and irrepressible sobs

that choked her infant utterance.

A young boy-a bright looking little fellow-chanced to meet her as she walked and wept, and stopped. He saw the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote his angel heart He knew not what want and suffering were: He had never known them himself-never once heard of them-knew not even what a real beg gar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked the cause of those tears. She could make him no reply, her heart was so full.

Has anybody hurt you? asked the feeling little fellow.
She shook her head negatively.

· Have you lost your way?' he per-

'No,' answered the child quite audibly. What is the matter, then?' he ask

'Mother is poor and sick, and I am

cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, and there indeed, is no wood for us. Oh, you do not know all." ' But I will,' replied the manly boy-

where do you live?" 'Will you go with me?' asked Elsie, her face brightening. 'Yes; let me go with you?' said be,

show me the way.' Through the street, lane and alley she guided him. They reached the of wind whistled in at the cracks and crevices and keyhole before them, as it inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow and gave her a sweet smile. 'Elsie, have you come?'

faintly said. 'Yes, mother,' answered the child and I have brought this boy with me I don't know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we lived. Did I do wrong to bring him. mother . No, my child, said the mother.

he knows how to pity you from his little heart, but he cannot pity me yet, he is not old enough."

The bright faced, sunny hearted boy gazed in actonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to bim. He wondered if that was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sadly on the wasting mother, but they glit tered with wonder when turned towards Elsie. Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the barrenness, the desolation; were all too much for him. He shuddered at the cold uncovered floor. He gased mournfully at the empty fire place : His eye wandered wonderingly over the naked wall,

looking so uninviting and cheerless .--Putting his hand in his pocket, he grasped the coin that his mother had A CHARMING SKETCH. given him that morning, and drew it

> bolding out the coin to the child. 'Oh, you are too good. You are too generous, I fear,' broke in the mother, as if she ought not to take it. 'Mother will give me another if want, said he; it will do you a good deal of good, and I know I don't need it. Take it, take it, and he was in-

stantly gone. It was a gold coin of the value of five

Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on this new year's day. Then they lot their fancies run and grow wild as they

its depth. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within i's rim pictures of joy and delight; visions of long rooms all decorated with flowers and evergreens; visions of smiling faces and happy children, of merry sleigh rides, and the glistening of bright runners all over the smooth worn snow .-They listened; they heard the mingled sounds of merry voices and the chiming music of bells, the accents of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. At! what a philosopher's atone was that coin. How it turned things first into gold and then, into happiness. How it grouped around them kind and cheerful friends, and filled their cars with glad voices. How it garlanded all the hours of that day with evergreens and roses. How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests, too, all satisfied and happy. Oh, what bright rays shone from that trifling coin of gold.— Could it have been as bright in the child's or the man's dark pocket! No else it had burned its way through and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such visions in the rich man's hands? No, else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have overflowed with generosity. No, no, it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions. Only for such as they. That night returned the angel boy to the bleak room, filled with happiness

and lighted with joy; his mother was Blessed boy! He passed the whole he had brought with him, and take out one by one, the gifts that were stowed

and a new home, and to see the sick woman grow very strong, and almost well under the influence of their kind offers. He wondered if their happis own-if their New Years was as bright as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pull.' to them as it was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than

he was at that moment.
Years have rolled away in that silent past. That little girl, Elsie Gray. is a lady. Not a lady in name, but in every deed, in heart in conduct. She dwells in a sweet suburban cottage, her husband is devoted only to her. The your 'X'!' husband is no other than the generous boy, who on New Years festival accosted her so tenderly in the street, and went home with her. Her poor moth- me up! er sleeps quietly in the church yard; signed and happy.

Are there coins, either of gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight on this day of the new year?-Are there hearts containing within their depths such sweet visions, such happy sights, that they must be under lock and comfort may become too universal?

TIED DOWN AT HOME.

A friend of ours, living not far from Pontiac, was importuned one pleasant day lately by his wife, to take her a aleigh-riding. The gentleman, being a man of business, plead his engagement, when the wife replied that was the old story, and that she must be tied down at home. The husband rejained that if any person would furnish him with good clothes to wear, and enough to est and drink, that he would be willing to be tied down at home. A few days after the gentleman came home earlier than was his custom, and being fatigued, lay down upon the sofa and fell into a sound sleep. His wife took some cords and slyly tied his hands together-served his feet in the same way, and made him fast to the sofa. She then set a table, with all that the house a fforded, and placed an extra suit of clothes within his reach. This done, she started to pay a frind a visit. Upon her return, late in the evening. she found her subject of domestic disipline as she left him, except that he was wide awake, and very mad. What on earth does all this mean?

says he. 'Nothing,' quietly remarked his wife, except the consumation of your earthly wishes -enough to eat, drink and wear and to be TIED DOWN AT HOME!" That

COL. CRICKLES HORSE

I have never been able to ascerorth. 'You may have that' said he, lived within a mile of each other in Il-linois, for five years, and from the now, thirty dollars, I can bring down lived within a mile of such other in Itlinois, for five years, and from the
first of their acquaintence, there had
been a mutual feeling of dislike be,
tween the two families. Then some
misunderstanding about the boundary
of their respective farm, revealed the
latent flame, and Col. Crickley having followed a fat best all one afternoon and wounded his, came up to
him and found old Date and his sons
of feel to the fire, and from that time
there was nothing the two families did
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him and found old Date and his sons
fael to the fire, and from that time
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the bargain, Drake carefully selected
a perfect ball, and even buckskin
patch, and beaded his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old
hunter boasted of being able to shoot
a bat on the wing by starlight and
without hesitation, he drew a clear
fight on old floan's head.

The records of Tyburn, or of Newgate, would fail most certainly in affording anything approaching a parallel to
the worthlessness of the individual who
in the last century achieved undying
fame or rather infamy, and who was
known as "Fighting Fitzgerald." By
birth and fortune a gentleman, by profeasion a soldier, he possessed no one
single attribute of either character: in
unanners offensively low and vulgar, in
language vituperative, in habits a gamesight on old floan's head.

purposely mistaking them for wild through the grove, the most enraged this imposter exhibited is his career ones, and then by way of retaliation the most desperate of men. His rifle such traits of conjoined ferocity and commenced killing off each others pigs innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the the most degraded culprit in our crimi-

One evening, Mr. Drake the elder, was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he ob-

served to his companion: 'What a beautiful mark Col. Crick ley's old Roan is over yonder!'
'Hang it!' muttered old Drake, 'so

The horse was standing under some

trees, about twelve rods from the road. Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

ing his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. 'I could drop old Roan so easy!"
"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston.

'Beautiful!' muttered Drake, lower

who loved fun in any shape.
'No, no, 'twouldn't do,' said the old

hunter, glancing cautiously around him again. 'I won't tell,' said Sam.

'Wal, I won't shoot this time, tell or no tell. The horse is to nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve of new year's day in making others happy; and how happy was he himself.—
How his little leart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket

lars for a shot.' lars for a shot.'

At that moment the Colonel himself there. How overjoyed he was to see half a dozen paces distant, and stood up, and tied his head back with a cord rising in time to the rank of captain. before Mr. Drake.

'Well, why don't you shoot?' The old man stammered in some confusion-'That you Colonel? I ho! ho!-wan't it a joke ?' ness could possibly be as deep as his I was tempted to, I declare! And

> Say an 'X' and it's a bargain!' Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan. 'How much is the hose wuth?'

muttered in Sam's ear.

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering:-'Hanged, if I thought you'd take

With high glee, the old hunter put yet she lived to know that God had a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in provided for her child. She died re- his wagen, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his

face and chuckled too. Crack! went the rifle. The hunand key all this day, lest happiness The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred!

Drake stared at his rifle with a face as black as Othello's. 'What's the matter with you, hey ?

Fus' time you ever sarved me quite such a trick, I swan!

And Drake loaded the piece great wrath and indignation. People said you'd lost your nack shooting,' observed the Colonel, in

cutting tone of satire. "Who said so? It is a lie!" thundered Drake. 'I can shoct-' 'A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!'

Drake was livid. 'Look yere, Colonel, I can't stand that! he began. 'Never mind, the horse can,' sneered

the Colonel, 'I'll risk you. Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill. 'Here !' he growled, 'I'm bound to ave another shot, any way.'
'Crack away,' cried the Colonel,

ocketing the note. Drake did crack away-with deadly sim, too-but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the

wagon. Sam Barston was too much nal annals. frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons discovering his ili humor and the mutilated condition of the rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirit with a piece of news, which they knave and coward both. were sure would make him dance for

'Clear out,' growled the angry old man. 'I don't want to hear any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down'!'

'But, father, it's such a trick !' 'Blast you and your tricks!' 'Played off on the Colonel .'

'On the Colonel ?' cried the old 'Gad, if you've played the Colonel a Turlough, in the county of Mayo, Ire-trick, less hear it.' I land, a military officer in the service of ment, confessed that he was merely

noon, went out for deer-' 'Hang the deer! Come to the trick.' 'Could't find any deer, but thought

we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan-shot him dead.' 'Shot old Roan ?' thundered the

did you shoot the Colonel's hoss ?' · I didn't do any thing else.' Devil! devil! grouned the hun-

'And then,' pursued Jed, confident stepped from behind a big oak, not his father, Jim and I proped the hose to a commission in a cavalry regiment, the Colonel going to catch him! ho!

> breast. He felt of his empty pocket. in his first rencontre, never meeting unanimously. But now came the cit book, and looked at his broken rifle Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys-

'It is a joke! But if you ever tell of it-or if you do, Sam Barston-- punity and success was betrayed and 'About fifty.'

'About fifty.'

'Gad, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's boys, I've been shooting at that dead in all his shameless ignominy Major horse half an hour at ten dollars a Cunningham having Fitzgerald's guard, shot !

gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

EDITING A PAPER Hear what the National Intelligen-

cer says about editing a newspaper. Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the industry and ter tore out a horrid oath, which I talents of of its editor by the editorwill not rejeat. Sam was astonished. ial matter it contains. It is comparitively an easy task for a frothy writer to your out daily colums of words - words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, wish in collision with a Captain Seawen, of washy, everlasting flood, and his com- the Guards. From that gentleman havmand of language may enable him ing avoided his enciety and stigmarized to string them together like a bunch his conduct, Fitzgerald determined, if to string them together like a bunch of onions; and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the toil of such a man who has leaded matter even so largely, to that imposed on the judicous, well informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consiousness of his responsibilities and duties and devotes himself to the conduct of which is already informed. His conduct, Fitzgerald determined, if possible, to bully him into an apology and an acquaintanceship. Meeting Captain Seawen at the Cocos Tree Tavern, he demanded, in his usual swaggerring manner, whether Captain Seawen had ever dared to take liberties with his name and character. Liberties, sir ?' was the response—No liberties can be taken with that devotes himself to the conduct of which is already infamous." time employed in selecting, is far so narrow was the escape, that the pointed at as a diabolical miscreant, more important, and the tact of a ball passed close under the captain's he seems to have retired to his Irish good editor better shown by his selections. Captain Selections than any thing else, and that ed to fire, but Mr Firzgerald anticitions than any thing else, and that ed to fire, but Mr Firzgerald anticitions than any thing else, and that ed to fire, but Mr Firzgerald anticition gang of blacklegs and disgraced me as we have said, an editor ought ond pistol at his opponent, but declared outrage; and spurned with contempt to have lived a high of violence and the particular of the contempt. rage and unuttearble astonishment of to be estimated, and his labors un ing to have done so by accident! A from every honest man's door, he the hunter, old Roan looked him right deretood and appreciated by the gen-cold blooded attempt at murder— was at last, for a closing crime, the in the face, as if he rather liked the eral conduct of his paper, its tone its Captain Seawen then refused to fire, monstrous murder of two neighboring 'Drake,' cried Sam, 'you're drunk! its principles and aims, its manliness, and the duel was put an end to by Mr Hypson-apprehended, tried,

swear. The man lies who says I vision of the newspaper establishment he was sorry for what he had said of can't shoot! Last week I cut off a which most editors have to encounter him, as he now behaved like a gentle tain the origin of the quarrel between goose's head at fifty frods, and kin the wonder is how they find time to man? The Crickleys and the Drakes. They

FIGHTING FITZGERALD.

a perfect ball, and even buckskin fame or ruther infamy, and who was whom was the Rev. Henry Bate, patch, and beaded his rifle.

| Rev. Henry Bate, known as "Fighting Fitzgerald." By (afterwards Sir II. B. Dudley.) the fession a soldier, he possessed no one paper. One lady of the party thas single attribute of either character; in insulted (Mrs Hartley, the actress,)

the actress, who were make

Of descent as illustrious as the noblest in Europe, the great name he bore only deepened his disgrace; and "Fighting ground convulsed with mirth, and old deepened his disgrace; and "Fighting Fitzgera'd's" life stamps with indelible truth the somewhat backnied lines of the poet, that

"Not all the blood of all the Howards. Can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards Fool, Fitzgerald was not, for he appears to have been a man of parts, but

We will first trace him to his origin, to the noble housefrom which he sprung, to the lordly and knightly lineage of his long descended race which he disgraced, track him in his evil course until we arrive at the revolting spectacle on the the scaffold, where he met his death at the hangman's hands, bequeathing a name to posterity doomed to infamous

immortality.
"Fighting Fitzgerald" was the eldman, beginning to be interested .- est son of George Fitzgerald, Esq., of Well, father, Jed and I, this after. Austria, by the Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of John, Lord Harvey, and sister of Frederick, fourth Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry. His ancestors were an influential branch of the proud house of Fitzgerald, deriving in direct decent from the Desmond line of that distinguished family, and he himself married Miss Conolly, sister of the Hon Thomas Copolly, and cousin to the hunter, By the Lord Harry, Jed, Duke of Leinster. With this lady he received a dowryof ten thousand pounds the scarlet coated mock captain. We a fair fortune for the period, while his see how it ended. father settled upon him an income of

one thousand pounds per annum. Fitzgerald was brought up at Eton, finishing his studies at the University of the joke part of the story must please Dublin, and shortly after was appointed

on his part was at last aroused, and in his final duel with Major Canningham, in which that officer insisted upon fighting with swords, the secret of long imand by a powerful thrust striking his sword against the other's breast, the weapon snapped in two, hitting against a steel surface. Major Cunningham indignantly taxed his opponent with wearing armor, and pulling off his hat, flung it in Fitzgerald's face exclaim-

You infernal rascal! so this is the way in which you have been enabled to overcome so many brave men! But I shall take care you fight to more du-. cowardly dog!' and actually chased him off the field, Fitzgerald running away, and taking refuge in a farm house, from which he escaped by a win-

dow in the rear of the premises. At one period of his career he came

his paper with the same care and as- A meeting was the consequence, siduity that a sensible lawyer bestows the parties passed over to the contiupon a suit, a humane physician u nent for the purpose, and they fought pon a patient, without regard to show on the Austrian territory, near Tour- hours. or display! Indeed, the mere writing may. Captain Seawen asked Fitzpart of editing a paper is but a small gerald if he would fire first, which portion of the work. The care the proposition he eagerly accepted, and temper, its uniform consistent course the seconds and surgeons interfered, gentlemen - Mr. Macdonnell and a couple were seen sleigh-riding the next A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my day.—Det. Adv.

A flock of sheep, when composed of all 'wethers,' may be said to resemble our climate.

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A flock of sheep, when composed of being formally the for the purpose of being formally the shoot you." thundered the excited time and attention of any man. If laid across his own shoulders, which supplicating with despicable meanness our climate.

Drake 'The bullet was hollow, I'll to this be added the general super-done, Fitzgerald then declared that for even a 'five minutes' longer of

The gentlemen then shook hands, went and spent the evening together.

and parted perfectly reconciled. On one occasion at Vauxhall, the summer of 1833, Fitsgerald, in company with two worthless companions, one of them a Captain Coftes, offered most gross outrage to several ladies who were in the gardens, with whom was the Rev. Henry Bate, then editor of the Morning Post newsburst into tears. A scene of alterea-

giliatic prowess, gave a sound thresh-ing to Captain Coftes, while Fitzger-ald, not relishing this rough mode of adjusting a 'difficulty,' suggested another species of sat staction, and in another place. This was acceded to, and the parties met next day at the haunt of Fitzgerald and his gang-the 'Cocoa nut.' By the interposi-tion of friends, Captain Croftes and and the parson made mutual concessions, and the matter was carried no further; but just as these two were shaking hands, in came Fitzgerald with a Captain Miles, whom he presented as his friend, declaring that the captain had been struck by the clergyman over night, and demanded instant satisfaction - that it should be given in the room then and there, and with FISTS. The Reverend Sir Henry demurred, but Fitzgerald carried the day, and stripping off their coat the parties set to. In a few minutes the 'captain' was beaten to a jelly, ment, confessed that he was merely Mr. Fitzgerald's groom dressed up for the ceremony by his master. It seemed that the man, being of Hereuean make and prodigious strength, Fitzgerald exulted in the hope of havthe his revenge, by witnessing the defeat and punishment of his churchmilitant antagonist; but the pugilistic science of the black, was more than a match for the brute force of

The story of Fitzgerald's forcing himself into ' Brooke's Club' is an oft told one, but it must, to give effect to sundry reflections, have place here.

Admiral Keith Stewart, a member of the club, was requested by Fitzgerald to propose him. Unwilling to risk as if he was alive. Ha! ha! Faney wards of twenty duels, killing and collision with the man, he did so, wounding no less than eighteen of his Fitzgerald stationing himself below to antagonists, and, with the exception hear the result. This was as might Old Drake's head fell upon his of a severe wound in the head received be anticipated, for he was blackballed with a scratch. Suspicion of foul play lemna! - who was to communicate the fact to Fitzgerald? It was certain death to the person who did so. Admiral Stewart was deemed by the club the most proper person to make the announcement, but declined -But at last a waiter was requested to beard the lion in his den.' He made known to him the fact, that as there happened to be one black ball, his name would have to be put up again. The story is a long one, and to go through with it would occupy too much space - sufficient to say, that Fitzger ald forced his way with imprecations into the club room, and with insulting menance inquired of each individual member, if he had been the one who had 'dropped a black ball into the urn by mistake?' No one confessing to the impeachment, there sat the bully, calling for drink, giving toasts. maintaining his seat the entire evening -such was the terror his name and character inspired. He made no second effort to intrude, the police having had instructions to attend. in case of a repetition of the outrage.

Fitzgerald, upon visiting Paris, was presented to the French king, Louis XVI., by the British ambassador, and with the announcement that the 'gen-tleman' presented had 'fought eighteen duels, and had always killed his men.' Louis turned with disgust from the wretch, and indignantly expelled him from his presence, with an intimation that if he got into a quarrel in France, he would be turn ed out of the country in twenty-four

After the discovery of the steel cuis rass upon his person, in his duel with Major Cunningham, and loathed and